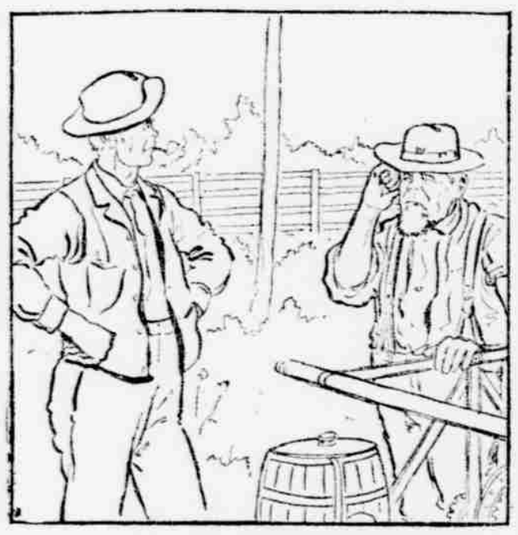
LEAVES FROM THE EVERY-DAY BOOK OF LIFE.

TOLD OUT AND ILLUSTRATED FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC BY DUK WOOD.

A PERTINENT QUERY.



"Now, who the devil's boss?"

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

It was a long pull and a strong pull. The tin dipper, hung on the side of the water keg, bumped out its one note as the handcar sped smoothly over the rails.

Here and there was a poor piece of roadbed, but, thanks to the excessively hot weather, the rails were in most cases flush up end to end, with no perceptible cracks.

After the first mile the section hands began to weary. Even at the early hour it was, the heat tended to lassitude. Old Mike Fleming with his right hand reached back into a rear hip pocket and drew forth the bandana with which to wipe his leaking forehead, meanwhile pumping steadily with his left.

"How far we go?" asked the Swede.

"You go bis der boss tells you stop," answered Landsmann. "Mindt your stroke, Schvansger," he added.

Old Mike Fleming bit a deeper hole in his pipestem and said nothing. He was too angry to speak. Furthermore, the iron had entered into his soul as it can only into that of a deposed section boss.

Supreme as a petty lord over the four miles of track for more than ten years had he reigned. His had been the master presence, his had been the indisputable and inflexible domination. Everybody knew him for a mean man, and he had come by his reputation honestly. Mike Fleming was a mean man, the meanest section boss that ever lived.

It makes no difference what the reason had been for his deposal—he stood deposed. Reduced again to the level of a section hand, he chafed considerably, but he kept on pumping.

Indeed, he felt that he could have pumped all the way to Chicago rather than let Pat Casey have a chance to jack him up.

For ten long years Casey had borne in silence all of Fleming's meanness. For ten long years he had slaved and toiled on that section as a plain hand. And he had saved money.

How he had done it no one knew. But the neighbors could attest to the fact that he owned his own property. One of his daughters was a school teacher, the other was already a novitiate and was soon to take her final vows. One of his sons drove an ice wagon in the summer and a coal wagon in the winter. The other son had almost "learned out" at his trade of bookbinding. His wife's black dress compared favorably with those of other parishioners whose husbands held more exalted positions. And Casey had, up to that time, remained an ordinary section hand.

But with Fleming's deposal he had been elevated to the proud and long-coveted position of "boss." If he felt any special elation he did not show it, either by word or action. He was the same old Casey, and he pumped as hard as any of them.

Often during the long years of labor it had been at his tongue's end and finger tips to rebel against Fleming's needless, petty persecutions, and as often had he refrained from so doing. For Casey was a peaceable man, who loved peace above all things.

Not, though, that he was timid. Courage was Casey's, and a blind sense of duty led him at all times to perform whatever task was his.

Was it not Casey himself who had rushed to the switch, broken the lock with his crowbar, and thrown it over, barely in time to prevent the ditching of the wild freight? And had not all the credit gone to Fleming, while Casey was lying at home with a sprained tendon?

Was it not Casey who had been scalded by the steam in extricating Monahan, the fireman, at the wreck that time at the trestle? And had not Fleming, who had done nothing more than shout orders, appropriated all the credit?

The memory of these things, together with the thoughts of the millions of weeds he had cut to the other hands' thousands, put even greater vigor into Casey's stroke, until he was almost propelling the car alone. But the others had to hang on and mind the stroke.

Out past the Brickyard Switch the handcar sped; out past the Y it kept on. Whistle and ring posts loomed up with startling and maddening regularity, and cattle-guards rattled out flying greetings to the tired hands. Yet Casey gave no word to stop, but instead kept up a ferocious, wicked stroke that well-nigh tore the Swedes' arms from their sockets. It was a cruel, grueling pace the new boss had set, and the hands had, perforce, to keep it up.

"The curse o' Donnyrail upon ye!" thought Fleming. But he held his peace, because he knew the end of the section would soon be reached.

Within a hundred yards of that point Casey suddenly shouted: "Min, shtop the car!"

The car was stopped.

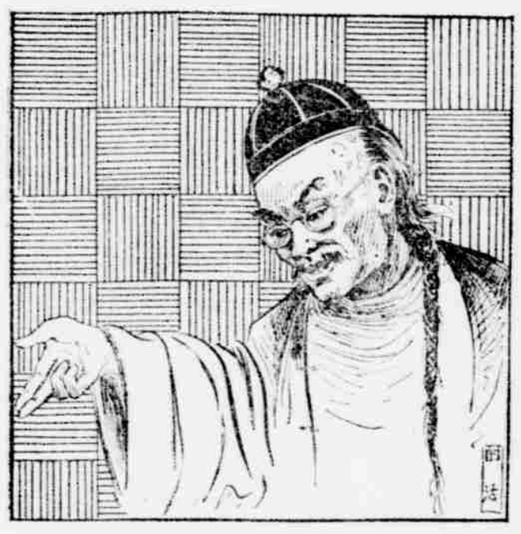
"Throw 'er off!"

They threw her off.

"Throw 'er an again!"

They threw her on again. And then Casey turned to Fleming, and, looking him straight in the eye, remarked: "Now, who the divil's boss?"

AL A CONFUCIUS.



"China country alle same just like old man."

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

It was the afternoon that the striking street car men and their sympathizing fellow-unionists turned out to parade.

Lum Lui, the sage of Chinatown, heard the band, the bugle and the fife and drum. Hastening to the rickety front steps of his place of business on Eighth street, he peered northward to Market street, along which thoroughfare were grouped crowds that cheered the marching men.

Lum Lui neither cheered nor scoffed, but, after the manner of a Sir Roger de Coverly, said something on both sides of the subject.

"What's matter? Got big p'lade to-day?" he first asked.

"Nothing's the matter," I answered, trying to draw him out.

"Yes, must be something matter," he politely insisted. If nothing matter, ain't got p'lade. Any time got p'lade is always somebody want something. Maybe poor man march, don't know what he want; no make diff'lence. Rich man don't want him have that.

"Maybe some man march got good man for Captain-Big-General, that's all light, he know what poor man want. Bimebye, if he no good, sell 'm out to other side. Then that awful bad for poor man. But that be good for other side. So must all time one side win, one side lose, allee same like China gamble.

"But if some rich man have 'im plenty, he more better if he stop, let poor man have chance win little bit before he die. Maybe some poor man don't want much; what's matter rich man no let him have nothing?"

"What do you call a plenty for rich man?" I asked.

"How can tell?" answered Lum Lui. "Maybe some rich man got big family—one, two wife, whole lot children—that man need more money as old bachelor need. But if he got nuff for keep him till he sixty year old, that's plenty.

"Because, I show you how china boy do that. China boy get marry young. He don't have bother for that. He papa, mamma fix all that for him. He don't have spend too muches money go see girl. Well, is China boy twenty year old he been work very hard ten year. Some young man be strong, he take good care for himself, he can do that. He not spend one cent only for live an' keep family. Bimebye he got thirty year old he been save little bit money for start business. All light. Pretty soon he start business. Not spend money yet, though. If make little bit money just put back for business. Maybe he got good luck, he get forty year old he got plenty. Then he stop work, stop save money. Just now can he spend little bit. If he rich can spend whole lot. Bimebye he sixty year old, and he no die, maybe he be broke, ain't got money, no make diff'lence. He son take care for him."

"But, supposing his son is broke, too?" I suggested.

"No, China son no gettee broke. He papa allee time teachee him how work, how save. What's matter United States, rich man save whole lot money, no teachee son how work? Old man die, he just spend all money, throw way, that's all. No good.

"I think he more better if some rich man son go try work some time 'longside poor man. In China everybody work, poor man, rich man, allee same work. Because, if poor man see rich man work with hands, stand in water for rice field all day, he think to self, 'Bimebye that rich man get roomatism, jus' like me when I get old. Anyhow, he goin' be plenty tired to-night.' That's what keep China boy from go strike. And in China is got more big union as any country this world. Is he wheelbarrow men I mean. Pretty near as many belong that union as whole United States.

"No, sir," he went on, "I tell 'm you, United States all light. Got whole lots money. Whole lots rich man got fine house; whole lots poor man ain't got no house at all, just live street. How you like that? You think that good?"

I assured Lum Lui I did not think that good.

"In China," he resumed, "got whole lots rich man, too, got fine house; got whole lots poor man, but no live street. No make diff'lence how poor some man be in China, he all time own house. Maybe just little bit house, not much good, but he own that, allee same.

"Because, in China rich man plenty sabe. He know if he be too stingy, keep all money, keep all property, not let poor man have place for live, that poor man don't care if he die. But if he going to die, and he know that, he make some rich man die with him.

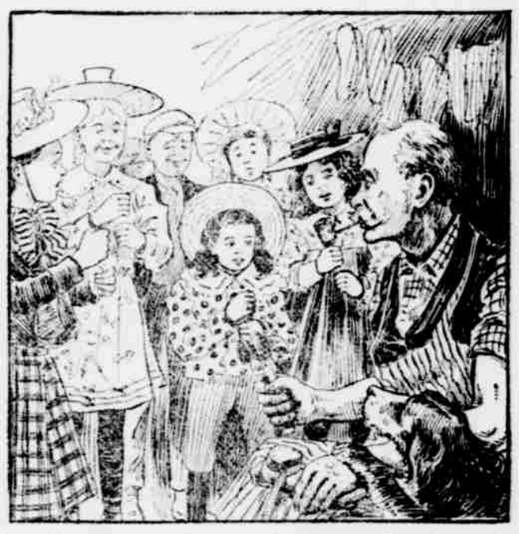
"United States be young country yet; not much old, but plenty strong. Just like big boy. He like all time take apple, piece candy or something like that from little kid. If little kid cry he don't care.

"But you not see old man take candy from baby. China country allee same just like old man. Is poor people be like little kid. Bimebye that little kid grow up. If he not be strong nuff, he get some more little kid for help him; then you see. Just little bit trouble for start, that's all. Maybe rich man, for United States, keep on be too stingy, keep all the money, keep all the property, bimebye, I think, he be sorry."

"How rich are you, Lum Lui?" I asked.

"Who—me?" he laughed. "Just be old bachelor, that's all. I didn't work ten years now. Pretty soon I be sixty, I die—I don't care."

A FRIEND O' THE FAMILY.



They thought it such a good joke on the shoemaker.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

"Well, sir," said the shoemaker, shortly after the sunfish quit biting, "I got a letter yesterday that done me a lot o' good. You remember I told you, the last time we was out fishing together, that I used to have a shop of my own up in old Illinois, and made good money, too. Well, sir, all the kids in that town knowed me, and they wasn't a one of 'em that wouldn't have gone to the last place for me, if they'd 'a' been old enough to know what that really meant. But they wasn't—bless their little hearts!

"An' there was two of 'em, in particklar, the nicest little kids you ever seen. It's a fact, that there little girl 'd come from school every day leadin' her little brother by the hand. An' they'd never be a time they'd be passing the shop on their way to school or going home to dinner that they wouldn't stop an' knock on the shop window.

"An' often after school 'd be out they'd stop in an' see me. Why, I've had as high as ten or twelve of 'em at one time after school in my shop, singing the shoemaker song and going through the motions, just like their teacher 'd learned 'em to.

"Sometimes some of 'em would have to stop an' laugh—they thought it was such a good joke on the shoemaker. But there'd always be two or three of 'em would go on an' finish out, 'cause they knowed they'd never get the dime for candy if they didn't. An' there's where I used to have the joke on them. They never knowed how much I liked to hear them sing that there song. I'd sooner hear it now than have a dollar.

"Well, that's just the way it was all the time with them kids. They all knowed me and they all knowed my dog. An' when they knowed my dog they knowed a mighty good dog.

"Well, sir, this little girl's daddy used to be station agent there at that town, and it was known all along that part of the Big Four line that there wasn't a depot anywheres that was what you could call as model a depot as his. 'Course, I knowed him an' he knowed me, an' his wife, she used to tell the little girl when they'd want me to come an' take dinner or supper with 'em. It wasn't very often I'd go, but I couldn't refuse when they'd send the little girl after me.

"Now, him keepin' his depot so model is what got him promoted. The Big Four sent him over to a bigger town in Indiana. Of course, I was glad to see him doin' better—he deserved it. But after they'd gone, me an' my dog we used to shut up shop an' go fishin' an' huntin' a little oftener than before.

"Well, come along Christmas time, an' what'd I do but one day get a letter from that here same little girl, tellin' me her and her little brother was goin' to have a Christmas tree, an' couldn't I come over to Indiana an' see 'em Christmas?

"So I made all arrangements to go, an' you bet I laid out a dollar or two for presents. But, o' course, like it had to be, one day I gets word her and her little brother was took down sick—diphtheria, the dispatch said.

"So I makes up my mind I'd go anyway. There's no tellin', you know, what's liable to happen in a case like that. So I put a hundred dollars in my pocket—and even at that I didn't have to put it there; I always carried at least a hundred in them days—and I went on over. An' I didn't get there none too soon, neither. She died the afternoon of the evening I got there.

"Well, I didn't know what the devil to do. I wasn't what you could call 'a friend o' the family,' but I wished I could do something for that poor little girl a-layin' there. An' before three days was out I got my chance.

"You see, her dyin' of diphtheria, they wouldn't let 'em ship the body back over the railroad. Her daddy being agent didn't help 'em none in that case, neither. He tried hard enough to get a permit, but it didn't do no good. He just couldn't get it.

"The mother was just about crazy, to think they'd have to lay her away in Indiana instead o' the old layin' ground over in old Illinois alongside o' them that had gone before. But you bet yer life they didn't have to, for I went an' got a team an' a wagon, an' I says, 'I'll drive her through.'

"It was twelve below zero when I started, a little before midnight. They took the morning train next day an' got there long ahead o' me. Ninety-one miles in a spring wagon, at twelve below, ain't no picnic.

"I didn't get to see 'em after the funeral. I felt just a little bit worn out, an' I thought the best thing I could do was to go lay down awhile. An', leave me tell you, I got all the layin' down I wanted in the next year an' a half, an' it cost me everything I had but my tools an' shoemaker's kit. I've got that stored up there in old Illinois yet.

"I wrote to her folks one time, but I didn't get no reply. I thought maybe they thought I wasn't quite as good as they was, so I never tried writin' no more.

"This here letter I got the other day was from a friend o' the family, that knowed them an' knowed me. It said they hadn't never heard a line from me, an' they often wondered what had become o' me. It said that little girl's mother often wished she knowed where I was at, so she could write, because, this letter went on to say, she said I was the best friend o' the family they ever had.

"An' that's the kind o' letter that makes a feller feel good."

MAXIMS OF WILLIAM PENN.

The want of due Consideration is the cause of all the unhappiness Man brings upon himself. For his second Thoughts rarely agree with his first, which pass not without a considerable Retrenchment or Correction. And yet that sensible Warning is, too frequently, not precaution enough for his future Conduct.

Is it reasonable to take it ill, that anybody desires of us that which is our own? All we have is the Almighty's; And shall not God have his own when he calls for it?

We are apt to be very pert at counseling others, where we will not endure advice ourselves. And nothing shews our weakness more than to be so sharp-sighted at spying other Men's Faults, and so purblind about our own.

Frugality is good, if Liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous Expenses; the last bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begins Covetousness; the last, without the first begins Prodigality; Both together make an excellent Temper. Happy the place where ever that is found.

Love Labor: For if thou dost not want it for Food, thou mayest for Physick. It is wholesome for thy Body, and good for thy Mind. It prevents the Fruits of Idleness, which many times comes of nothing to do and leads too many to do what is worse than nothing.

The Receipts of Cookery are swell'd to a Volume, but a good Stomach excels them all; to which nothing contributes more than Industry and Temperance.

The most common things are the most useful, which shews both the Wisdom and Goodness of the great Lord of the Family of the World. What, therefore, he has made rare, don't thou use too commonly. Less than thoughtless invert the Use and Order of things; become Wanton and Voluptuous, and thy Blessings prove a Curse.

All Excess is ill; But Drunkenness is of the worst Sort. It spoils Health, dismounts the Mind, and unmans Man; It reveals Secrets, is Quarrelsome, Lascivious, Impudent, Dangerous and Mad. In fine, he that is drunk is not a Man: Because he is so long void of Reason, that distinguishes a Man from a Beast.

Excess in Apparel is another costly Folly. The very Trimming of the vain World would clothe all the naked ones.

We are told, with Truth, that Meekness and Modesty are the Rich and Charming Attire of the Soul; And the plainer their Dress, the more Distinctly and with greater Luster, their Beauty shines.

Never marry but for Love; but see that thou love'st what is lovely. If Love be not thy chief Motive, thou wilt soon grow weary of a Married State, and stray from the Promise, to search out thy Pleasures in forbidden Places.

But in Marriage do thou be wise; prefer the Person before Money; Virtue before Beauty; and Mind before the Body: Then thou hast a Wife, a Friend, a Companion, a Second Self; one that bears an equal Share with thee in all thy Toyls and Troubles. Chuse one that Measures her Satisfaction, Safety, and Danger by thine; and of whom thou art sure, as of thy secretest Thoughts; A Friend as well as a Wife, which, indeed, a Wife implies; For she is but half a Wife that is not, or is not capable, of being such a Friend. Nothing can be more entire and without Reserve; nothing more zealous, affectionate, and sincere; nothing more contented and constant than such a Couple; nor no greater temporal Felicity than to be one of them.

Friendship is the next Pleasure we may hope for: And where we find it not at home, or have no home to find it in, we may seek it abroad. It is a Union, of Spirits, a Marriage of Hearts, and the Band thereof, Virtue. There can be no Friendship where there is no Freedom. Friendship where there is no Freedom. Friendship loves a free Air, and will not be penned up in straight and narrow Enclosures. It will speak freely and act so, too; and take nothing ill where no ill is meant; nay, where it is, 'twill easily forgive, and forget, too, upon small Acknowledgments. In short, chuse a Friend as thou dost a Wife, till Death seperate you.

Be not easily acquainted; but finding Reason to cool, thou makest an Enemy instead of a good neighbor.

Be reserved but not Sour; Grave, but not Formal; Bold, but not Rash; Humble, but not Servile; Patient, but not Insensible; Constant, not Obstinate; Chearful, not Light; Rather Sweet than Familiar; Familiar than Intimate, and Intimate with very few, and upon very good Grounds.

If thou hast done an Injury to another, rather own it than defend it. One way thou gainst Forgiveness, the other thou doubl'st the Wrong and Reckoning.

It is wise not to seek a Secret, and honest not to reveal one. Only trust thyself and another shall not betray thee.

Do nothing improperly. Some are Witty, Kind, Cold, Angry, Easie, Stiff, Jealous, Careless, Cautious, Confident, Open, but all in the wrong Place.

He that has more Knowledge than Judgment, is made for another man's use more than his own.

There are some men like Dictionaries; to be lookt into upon occasions, but have no Connection, and are little entertaining.

A Wise Man makes what he learns his own, 'tother shews he's but a Copy, or a Collection at most.

Less Judgment than Wit, is more Sale than Ballast. Yet, it must be confessed that Wit gives an Edge to Sense, and recommends it extreamly. Where Judgment has Wit to express it, there's the best Orator.

A Man in Business must put up many Affronts, if he loves his own Quiet, We must not pretend to see all that we see, if we would be easie.

DOUGLASS WOOD.

Aged 17 years, sworn in as Deputy County Surveyor of Vernon County, Mo., Saturday, May 19, 1900. His sister, Miss Jennie Wood, aged 17, graduated at the Nevada High School last week, Valedictorian of a class of forty members, making an average grade during the four years term of 99 and a fraction.

A LIGHT WEIGHT SUMMER WRAP.

This cape is in a soft light brown shade of thin ladies' cloth. The hood is lined with a pretty silk plaid in shades of tan, yellow and black. These light capes are very popular this season for piazza wear and informal occasions when the summer air is spiced with coolness and a jacket often proves too warm and cumbersome.

AN IDEAL SUMMER HAT.

This fascinating creation, in pale blue straw and black buttercups, is both smart and charming. The deep brim is lifted at the side of the front, where a shower of black buttercups falls in the space and rests upon the hair. The brim is faced with daintily tucked chiffon and a great soft chou of blue ribbon adorns the front. The crown is low and the top of the hat is covered with sprays of black buttercups.

A CHARMING BLOUSE.

Black and white, daintily employed in blouse waists, are always effective and stylish. This model is of white taffeta silk, covered with bands of black Mechlin insertion and strips of narrow black velvet ribbon. It is suitable for almost every occasion.

SIRENS OF THE PACKING-HOUSES.

The big packing-houses out West employ decoy animals to lead their brethren to the slaughter. These animals are called "sirens" by the packing-house men, and they are valuable adjuncts to the business. All packing-houses are compelled to have them. A steer is trained to lead the animals out of the pens through the long overhead bridges into the packing-house and down into the killing-room. Such a steer is called "Judas Iscariot" usually. Some of them have become famous for their intelligence. But there generally comes a time when they grow unruly or careless, or their powers fail, and they themselves are led to the slaughter.

In one of the packing-houses in Kansas City in which a great many sheep are slaughtered a goat is employed to entice sheep from the stock yards where they are brought to the killing pens in the house, a long distance from the yards to the house, through streets, over a river and a railroad yard by bridge and through lanes. Without an animal to lead them it would be impossible to get a large flock of sheep home safely and expeditiously.

The goat's name is Willie, and he is the cleverest beast of his kind. He cost less than $2, but does the work that a $5,000 a year clerk could not do half so well, if at all. The sheep follow Willie with implicit confidence, and he leads hundreds of them to their doom every day. When the sheep buyer goes about the stock yards buying the animals Willie follows him. The yards are divided into pens by fences. On top of each fence is a footboard, along which the buyer walks inspecting the animals that he desires to buy. Willie walks the fences with the buyer and climbs up and down the steps with ease.

When the sheep are all bought a boy opens the gate and leads the way. Willie follows the boy; the sheep follow Willie. The sheep could not be induced to follow the boy unless Willie was there.

Occasionally Willie gets tired of being good, and when he is naughty he is very like "the little girl who had a little curl," and then he is horrid, and that is bad for the sheep business. When this occurs Willie is not coaxed or pampered in the least. His master simply takes a big hickory club and maltreats him, and in a few minutes one would think Willie had the disposition of an angel.